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From: Lawler, Michael (DPH)
Sent: Tuesday, March 09, 2010 4:54 PM
To: Glazer, Lisa (DPH); O'Brien, Elisabeth (DPH); 'erincschultz@gmail.com'; Renczkowski, Daniel (DPH); 'toxchemist@gmail.com'; Piro, Peter (DPH); Khan, Annie (DPH); Saunders, Della (DPH); Salemi, Charles (DPH); Feiden, Stacey (DPH); Frasca, Daniela (DPH); 'jadedspirit18@aol.com'; Corbett, Kate (DPH); 'bglaizer873@comcast.net'; Medina, Nicole (DPH)
Subject: RE: FW: Collaborative English Paper

Marty Johnson leaned over and shut off the taped transcript. He looked gleefully through the one way mirror at the focus group of Americans he had assembled. They represented an income bracket from 40k to 100k a year and considered 10% of their incomes disposable. He could tell from their postures and facial expressions that the men and women had taken hard lines against each other. The adrenalin was flowing. They would seek its rush again. Marty called his old pal at the University of Colorado. He couldn't hide his excitement. "We have a winner," he called into the phone "The Tandem Hour is a reality show I can pitch to cable. It's Cash City my bro.....Cash City."

From: Glazer, Lisa (DPH)
Sent: Tuesday, March 09, 2010 11:47 AM
To: O'Brien, Elisabeth (DPH); 'erincschultz@gmail.com'; Renczkowski, Daniel (DPH); 'toxchemist@gmail.com'; Piro, Peter (DPH); Khan, Annie (DPH); Saunders, Della (DPH); Salemi, Charles (DPH); Feiden, Stacey (DPH); Frasca, Daniela (DPH); 'jadedspirit18@aol.com'; Corbett, Kate (DPH); Lawler, Michael (DPH); 'bglaizer873@comcast.net'; Medina, Nicole (DPH)
Subject: FW: FW: Collaborative English Paper

Lisa Glazer
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From: Lisa Pelletier [mailto:lpelletier06@gmail.com]
Sent: Tuesday, March 09, 2010 11:43 AM
To: Glazer, Lisa A (DPH)
Subject: Fwd: FW: Collaborative English Paper

----- Forwarded message -----

From: Pelletier, Nancy <npelletier@necc.mass.edu>
Date: Tue, Mar 9, 2010 at 11:20 AM
Subject: FW: Collaborative English Paper
To: "Mitchell, Karen" <kmitchell@necc.mass.edu>, Lisa Pelletier <lpelletier06@gmail.com>, "Hayes-Johnson, Eileen" <ehayesjohnson@necc.mass.edu>, "Catalano, Rosalie" <rcatalano@necc.mass.edu>, Catherine Wachter <CATandGREG@msn.com>, "epelletier@ameresco.com" <epelletier@ameresco.com>

Here's a prime example of "Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus" offered by an English professor from the University of Colorado for a class assignment:

The professor told his class one day: "Today we will experiment with a new form called the tandem story. The process is simple. Each person will pair off with the person sitting to his or her immediate right.

As homework tonight, one of you will write the first paragraph of a short story. You will e-mail your partner that paragraph and send another copy to me. The partner will read the first paragraph and then add another paragraph to the story and send it back, also sending another copy to me. The first person will then add a third paragraph, and so on back-and-forth.

Remember to re-read what has been written each time in order to keep the story coherent. There is to be absolutely NO talking outside of the e-mails and anything you wish to say must be written in the e-mail. The story is over when both agree a conclusion has been reached."

The following was actually turned in by two of his English students:
Rebecca (PINK)
Bill (BLUE).

THE STORY:
(first paragraph by Rebecca)

At first, Laurie couldn't decide which kind of tea she wanted. The chamomile, which used to be her favorite for lazy evenings at home, now reminded her too much of Carl, who once said, in happier times, that he liked chamomile. But she felt she must now, at all costs, keep her mind off Carl. His possessiveness was suffocating, and if she thought about him too much her asthma started acting up again. So chamomile was out of the question.

(second paragraph by Bill)

Meanwhile, Advance Sergeant Carl Harris, leader of the attack squadron now in orbit over Skylon 4, had more important things to think about than the tantrums of an air-headed asthmatic bimbo named Laurie with whom he had spent one wretched night over a year ago. "A.S. Harris to Coastation 17," he said into his transatlantic communicator. "Polar orbit established. No sign of resistance so far..." But before he could sign off a bluish particle beam flashed out of nowhere and blasted a hole through his ship's cargo bay. The jolt from the direct hit sent him flying out of his seat and across the cockpit.

(Rebecca)

He bumped his head and died almost immediately, but not before he felt one last pang of regret for psychically brutalizing the one woman who had ever had feelings for him. Soon afterwards, Earth stopped its pointless hostilities towards the peaceful farmers of Skylon 4. "Congress Passes Law Permanently Abolishing War and Space Travel," Laurie read in her newspaper one morning. The news simultaneously excited her and bored her. She stared out the window, dreaming of her youth, when the days had passed unhurriedly and carefree, with no newspaper to read, no television to distract her from her sense of innocent wonder at all the beautiful things around her. "Why must one lose one's innocence to become a woman?" she pondered wistfully.

(Bill)

Little did she know, but she had less than 10 seconds to live. Thousands of miles above the city, the Ann'adrian mothership launched the first of its lithium fusion missiles. The unwitting winny peaceawks who pushed the Unilateral Aerospace Disarmament Treaty through the congress had left Earth a defenseless target for the hostile alien empires who were determined to destroy the human race. Within two hours after the passage of the treaty the Ann'adrian ships were on course for Earth, carrying enough firepower to pulverize the entire planet. With no one to stop them, they swiftly initiated their diabolical plan. The lithium fusion missile entered the atmosphere unimpeded. The President, in his top-secret mobile submarine headquarters on the ocean floor off the coast of Guam, felt the inconceivably massive explosion, which vaporized poor, stupid Laurie.

(Rebecca)

This is absurd. I refuse to continue this mockery of literature. My writing partner is a violent, chauvinistic semi-literate adolescent.

(Bill)

Yeah? Well, my writing partner is a self-centered tedious neurotic whose attempts at writing are the literary equivalent of Valium. " Oh, shall I have chamomile tea? Or shall I have some other sort of E-KING TEA??? Oh no, what am I to do? I'm such an air headed bimbo who reads too many Danielle Steele novels!"

(Rebecca)

ASSh@le

(Bill)

~~Rich~~

(Rebecca)

~~F*** YOU- YOU NEANDERTHAL!~~

(Bill)

~~In your dreams, Ho. Go drink some tea~~

(TEACHER)

A+ - I really liked this one.

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